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# Pretty Ploughboy

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## PRETTY PLOUGHBOY GIPSY LASS.

It is of a pretty ploughboy was gazing o'er his plough,  
His horses stood under the shade,  
Twas down in yon grove he went whistling to his plough,  
And he chanced to meet a pretty maid.

And this was his song as he walked along,  
Sweet maid you are of high degree,  
If I should fall in love and your parents come to know,  
The next thing they would send me to sea.

Oh, when her loving parents came to know,  
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain,  
A pressing gang was sent and they pressed her love away,  
Then sent him to the wars to be slain.

She dressed herself in all her best,  
Her pockets she well lined with gold,  
To see her trudge the streets with tears in her eyes,  
When in search of her jolly sailor bold.

The first that she met was a jolly sailor bold,  
Have you seen my pretty ploughboy, she cried,  
He has just crossed the deep in sailing for the fleet,  
Then he said my pretty maid will you ride.

She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,  
Then unto the captain did complain,  
Says she I am come to seek my pretty ploughboy,  
That is sent to the wars to be slain.

One hundred bright guineas she freely pulled out,  
And gently she told them all o'er,  
And when she had got him in her arms,  
She hugged him till she got on shore.

When she had got her pretty ploughboy in her arms,  
Where oft she had had him before,  
She set the bells to ring and so sweetly she did sing,  
Because she met with the lad she did adore.

So blessed be the day when all true lovers do meet,  
Their sorrows are at an end.

The last cruel war called many lads away,  
And their true lovers never will find them more.

My father is king of the gipsies it's true,  
My mother she's learning me tramping to go,  
With my pack on my back, they all wished me  
well,

So I set off for London some fortunes to tell.

As I was walking through fair London streets,  
A handsome young squire I chanced to meet,  
He viewed my brown cheeks, and he liked  
them so well,

He said my little gipsy lass, can you my fortune  
tell.

Oh yes I replied, give me hold of your hand,  
You have got riches both houses and land,  
All the pretty fair maids you must lay aside,  
It's the little gipsy lass that is to be your bride.

He led me thro' woods and vallies deep I'm sure,  
Where I had got servants to open the door,  
On a rich bed of down he pleased me so well,  
And in nine months after his fortune I did tell.

Then adieu to the fields and shadowy groves,  
No more with my sister a-camping I'll go,  
The bells shall ring merrily, and sweet music  
play,

And we'll crown the glad tidings of that lucky  
day.

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